

Do you think we have a purpose? What does life mean to you? Is it meaningless because you have realized that your own death is inevitable? Or do you believe you were put on this planet with something to do? Do you believe there is a meaning to this huge mess we call life? Is there is a reason for you to exist?

CHAPTER 1: DEEPER THOUGHTS

I'm 16 years old, haven't had my first kiss, and watch anime whenever I can. I can't answer questions about my existence. It's not that I don't think about those things, I do in fact question my reality all the time. I'd rather not think about those sorts of things when I can enjoy Netflix and read romance novels. Of course our own existence is something that scientist's question. Were we made by a God? Were we primates that evolved into intelligent beings? Aliens? I mean for all we know we could be an experiment in a lab being constantly tested and monitored by bigger versions of ourselves. I don't know why we are here or what our purpose is, or why we exist. But I do know--

"You can't start a book like that", Cherry remarked as she grabbed my laptop.

"It's boring, and you sound like a college professor giving a lecture"

"Is that a bad thing?" I asked nervously.

"Yes! You should be thinking about boys or your favorite manga. Not worrying about your existence or whatever."

"Or whatever.' That just makes you sound a thousand times smarter." I respond, rolling my eyes.

"Well we can't all have the vocabulary of Neil Degrasse Tyson." Cherry sighs sitting down.

"I'm surprised you know who that is."

"Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"Occasionally." I smirked.

Cherry Johnson. She's been my best friend since second grade. We both became friends because we were the only kids in our class who were allergic to peanut butter. We stayed friends. We don't have a ton in common, she's miles taller than me, and she's miles prettier. She has an endless amount of friends, many of them boys. She's on the field hockey team and gets straight A's.

My name is Jane Amans. I'm the shortest kid in 10th grade. I'm bad at social interactions and I'm not athletic. I get good grades for the most part but English is another story. I don't

have a lot of friends either. Boys don't look at me. Neither do girls. Maybe it's because they don't notice that I exist. I'm kinda just part of the background. I'm not a part of any clubs, and I don't hangout with any crowds. I have Cherry, and I've made it up until high school with just her.

Sometimes I think about what my life would be like without her. It would be pretty boring if I didn't have a shoulder to cry on. Someone to tease when they have a crush on someone. I can't even comprehend a world without her in my life. She has always been there for me and I have always been there for her. A world without Cherry would be lonely and bland. Like a world without color.

CHAPTER 2: WII SPORTS DOESN'T COUNT AS EXERCISE

I usually sleepover Cherry's house on the weekends. We either play video games or watch anime together. She's fun to be with because she always points out the plot holes in the anime. She is also a pro at Wii Sports Tennis. She gets really intense and treats it like it's a real tennis game. She even has a special controller she uses specifically for tennis. It's pink and covered in stickers. She only likes playing because 1. I always lose and 2. It counts as Exercise.

This weekend we were surfing the Internet and we found a website called *Our Children and their health*. They had an article called *VideoGames: Can Movement Games Really be Good Exercise?* Cherry read the entire thing and was beyond enraged. She played these games for the exercise.

"This is infuriating!" Cherry said as she clenched her fists. She quickly grabbed my laptop from the table and started typing furiously.

"You're heated because a website for moms says you aren't getting your daily amount of exercise from wii tennis?"

"Yes because it is absolute bullshit that it doesn't count as exercise"

"Have you lost weight from Wii Tennis?" I asked hesitantly. I don't want to make her feel like she is fat.

"Well no, not really." She answered quickly.

"Do you have any physical evidence that it is good exercise?"

"Well..." She paused.

"Then you should calm down."

Cherry slouched on the couch and sighed.

I'm proud of myself. I stopped a force of mass mayhem today.

It was about 2 in the morning and Cherry woke up and started talking to me.

"Jane I'm cold"

"Get a blanket from the closet"

She then got up and grabbed a blanket.

"I'm still cold. Can I sleep next to you?"

"Like penguins?" I ask giggling a bit.

"Yeah. Like penguins." She said giggling too.

"Sure"

Cherry stood up and walked over to me. She lied down next to me.

"Goodnight Cherry" I said smiling. Ten minutes later Cherry slipped herself into my sleeping bag. I was still awake.

CHAPTER 3: EGGS AND EMOTIONS(WIP)

I woke up to Cherry's face next to mine. Her skin was warm and pink, and I could see the shadows of veins on her eyelids. One of her arms was curled against my body, the other clutching a blanket to her chest. I could feel her whispery breath on my cheek. A sunbeam from the window fell across her lips, painting them with a golden sheen. They are chapped and pink. I looked down and my fingers were intertwined with hers. Her eyes slowly opened and met mine.

CHAPTER 4: SLEEPING IN THE SUBURBS

I have a system in the morning. I wake up, eat cereal, brush my hair and teeth, put on the cutest article of clothing that doesn't have to be washed ,put on my Chucks, and walk with Cherry to school. This system should not be tainted otherwise I might get to school late and not be able to get a coffee, and then my whole day is screwed up. Sometimes I wonder if anyone else has anxiety attacks about how they get up in the morning.

That day was different. Cherry woke me up early and I got dressed just like usual. It was only four in the morning. I was beyond exhausted from the night before. She held my hand and pulled me downstairs all the way to her room (Her parents turned their basement into a "girl-cave" when they got divorced). She handed me a box with my name on it. I was hesitant to open it because it wasn't like it was anything special today. Or maybe it was? I had been so tired lately I couldn't remember what day it was. It was was chilly outside so It might have been January or February. I examined the small box in my hand. It was pink and the tag had my name on it with a small heart next to my name. I remembered what day it was. It was Valentine's day.

"Is it that day today?" I asked dryly.

"It is." She smiled.

"143" She said, her face a violet tone.

"What does that mean?" I asked quickly.

"It's um...Do you remember *Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*?" She asked nervously.

"Of course I do"

"R-remember the a-answer to the ultimate question?" She asked stuttering a bit.

"42" I said proudly that I could remember that book.

"143 is the answer to *my* Ultimate question" She said still bright red.

"But in order for me to understand the answer I must find the question"

"Y-yeah"

"Are you okay?" I asked since she is red and shaking.

Cherry then passed out on the floor. We didn't go to school that day.